Home Mission Echoes

"The Country for which I lifted up mine hand to give to your fathers"

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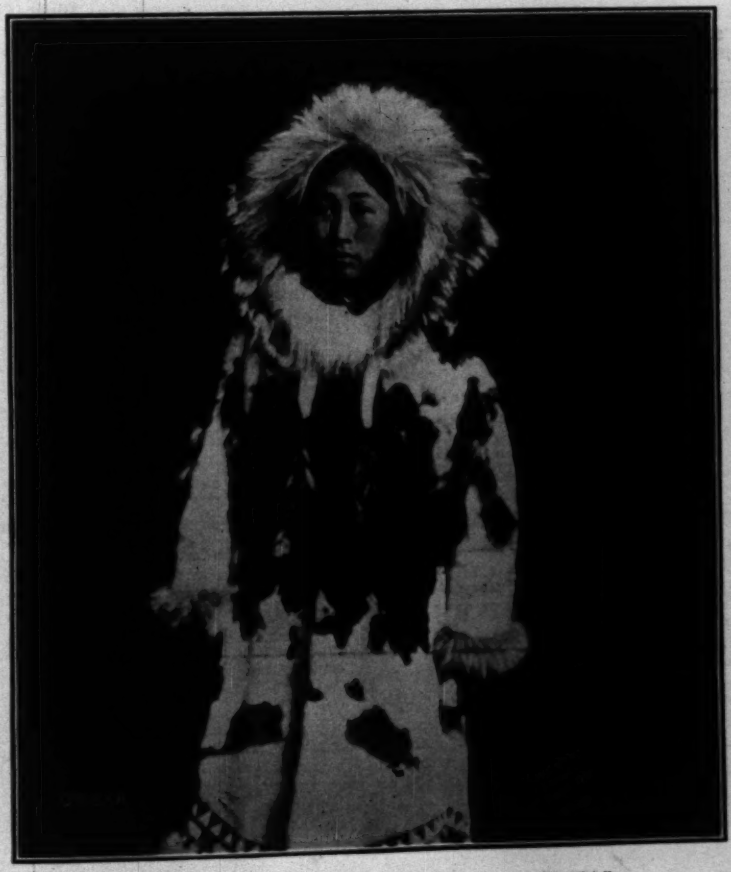

"FAR FROM THE ISLANDS OF BEHRING'S DARK SEA"

HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make an interesting and instructive Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features and illustrations. Mrs. N. N. Bishop is the General Editor, and will have entire charge of the Woman's department. Rev. Howard B. Grose, D.D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department. All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. N. N. Bishop, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

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Pastors, Sunday-School Superintendents and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

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All moneys and letters pertaining to subscriptions should be sent to Gertrude L. Davis, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

I said a sacrifice I will prepare
Unto my God, some perfect, spotless thing,
A firstling of my flock for offering,
A tender turtle-dove, all white and fair.
Alas, how fruitless is my anxious care;
My flock has no unblemished lamb to bring,
My long-sought, gentle dove with broken wing
In vain endeavor beats the troubled air.
Since naught I do — as is most evident —
Is perfect, since my fairest things of price
All fail in execution or intent,
Let me make offering of the humbled will,
Which gives up doing, and would just be still,
Itself the sacrifice of sacrifice.

— *Caroline Hazard.*

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society

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During the Christmas holidays the use of the Red Cross stamps was taken up by the public generally and generously. We wonder if our constituency are aware that the "Cuban Flag Stamp Plan" is precisely in line with that of the Red Cross Society.

If you have not used this method of raising extra funds, try it now!

Brief, attractive programs have been prepared by a special committee, designed for use in the Young People's Societies. Frequently there is demand for material "all prepared." The effort has been made to meet such need in these programs. One on Porto Rico and another on Cuba are now ready. Mexico will be the subject of the next.

We regret exceedingly that we must again remind some of our subscribers that they are in arrears in their subscriptions. Postal laws now make it necessary that all subscriptions be paid in full, and we earnestly request an examination of wrappers in which the paper comes to you. You may be surprised to learn that *you* are a guilty party. Remittance should be made to Miss Davis.

By vote of the Board, on recommendation of the Joint Committee, we are authorized to say to subscribers that "all subscribers will be entitled to the magazine of the new society until the expiration of their present subscriptions to Echoes." Therefore increase the lists in your church.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—*Tennyson.*

Vol. XII. FEBRUARY, 1909 No. 2

Editorial

AS we have read, and been thrilled again and again by the tales of Scotch folklore, and as their romance and sometime pathos have held and followed us, and as we have heard the shrill call of the pipes, have watched the gathering of the clans, by the light of the fiery cross on the Scottish hills, we have said, no doubt, that the age of chivalry is forever past, and the warfare of today calls not for the courage, the heroism and the splendid sacrifice of yesterday.

Ere we thus decide too conclusively let us pause and recall how, more than sixteen years ago, "The Cry of the Alaskan Children" summoned *us* to the north country, where against a most glorious background, the aurora of the arctic heavens, we saw uplifted the Cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Our slogan, "North America for Christ," had not then, nor has it ever had, an uncertain sound, as it rose from hearts leal and true and ready for strenuous endeavor in and for the name of Him to whom they had sworn allegiance.

It has been truly said, "When God would give us a new vision of Himself, He touches our eyes, not with joy, but with sorrow." Ofttimes, too, with the new vision comes a call to a new form of service.

Thus there came to our dear Mrs. McWhinnie an increased burden for the children, whose "cry" Dr. McWhinnie had been inspired to give to the world, and through all these years, as the work in Alaska has grown and been blessed of God in the remoulding of human lives and the redemption of immortal souls, there has watched at the far end of the battle line a sweet, consecrated woman of God, who has labored and prayed and waited; who has encouraged and inspired the women of New England, and has given to the upbuilding of the Kingdom, in every place, but in Alaska particularly, the keen judgment, sane and safe direction and sanctified common sense which she possesses in such marked degree. That her gift has been pleasing to the Lord is evidenced by continued and recent honorable mention of our Baptist Mission at Wood Island, by travelers, writers and politicians, who have united to commend the Baptist women of New England for their perseverance in a work that is so much needed and so manifestly born of God.

It is, therefore, fitting that we should pause at this time to give thanks for all the way in which we have been led, and especially for our superintendent of Alaska work; to be still, that we may hear the voice of the Master as He says to this devoted servant, "O woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee as thou wilt!"

All that Mrs. McWhinnie has been to the teachers and workers at Wood Island would be a long story, which they would eagerly supply if given an opportunity.

To the children who have lived at the Orphanage she has been a vital influence, for she has known each by name, and each has had reason to feel that she is his personal friend. We are sure if the hearts of these children could be laid bare, we should find engraven on each the name McWhinnie.

Today then, let the eyes of our souls traverse the limitless space that lies between New England and that far land of opportunity, to catch the gleam of the Cross of Power and Victory, bathed in the wondrous glory of the northern lights: let us sound again the rallying cry, "North America for Christ," each loyal woman of our "clan" following readily the leadership of the Great Chieftain on to final and complete victory, until even the gloom of arctic night shall have been dispelled by the light of the liberty of the gospel of Christ.

"Fear not to tread the future's unknown ways!
Gird up thy loins! Lift thy heart with praise!
For lo, I will be with thee all the days!

All paths are safe where He doth lead the way,
All places Bethels are where He doth stay,
All darkness dies where He is light of day."

Day of Prayer

Inquiry has come to the Editor as to the date and place for the "Day of Prayer for Home Missions," which is usually observed in January.

It has been a source of rejoicing to the workers at the Rooms that our constituency have missed the usual announcement.

In the wisdom of the Board, however, it has seemed advisable that we should unite in the Interdenominational Day of Prayer for Home Missions on February 25.

The place of the meeting we are unable to give at this time, and as ECHOES will not reach you again before that date, we are compelled to ask you to consult the *Watchman*, in which full notice will appear.

Report of Superintendent of Alaska

Rev. C. P. Coe and family left the Alaska Mission in the early spring, and Mr. S. A. Coldwell assumed the care of the work until the arrival of Rev. G. A. Learn and family in June, 1908.

June 9. — Mr. Coldwell writes: "We have received four cases of clothing from Boston. We were much pleased with the supply for the girls. The heavy shirts for the boys are fine, exactly what they need. The nice supply of bed linen and towels and quilts was very much appreciated. We wish to express our thanks to each one who had a part in sending us such fine boxes. The spring has been backward, cold and rainy. Many of the children have had severe colds. One of the boys will go on the Government Survey boat this summer. We have done a little painting and will have the mission building shining by the time Mr. Learn gets here. The older girls have cleaned the church today, and they did it well."

Mr. Learn left Seattle June 12, and reached Kodiak at 8.30 A.M., June 21. With the exception of one rainy day the weather was beautiful all during the voyage. Our first letter from Mr. Learn was dated June 26, 1908. In this he writes: "We have been here four days and are not homesick yet, nor do we think there is any danger of having that complaint." He received a hearty welcome from all. The boat had scarcely touched the beach when the children and natives came down to meet and greet him. He adds: "I want to say right here that there is not another place in Alaska that I have seen that begins to compare with Kodiak, especially Wood Island, for beauty, unless it is Sitka. The Orphanage is all I pictured it and more too. The work done here is a magnificent work."

Later he writes: "We had a pleasant time on the 4th of July. We had the natives of the island here, and gave them a little talk and a lunch. They came dressed in their best. They had a good time and so did we."

July 21. — "The steamer came in ahead of time this month; about 3.30 this P.M. we heard the *Portland* whistle. Pandemonium reigned for a few minutes. 'Grandma Campbell' was expected on this boat, and the boys and girls were wild to see her. The boys shouted and were greatly excited. I rushed for the mail, and prepared for a stormy ride across the bay to Kodiak. I had four men at the oars, and we needed them all. As it was, the water dashed into the boat at times quite badly. Mrs. Campbell came, but could not cross the bay until the waves subsided. I can more and more see the wonderful work accomplished here. Mr. Coe is one among several thousand. So far from the base of supplies and with so many obstacles, to have accomplished so much is just wonderful. The weather has been cold the entire month. A number of barrels of goods have arrived. If some shoe firm would send us a good box of stout shoes for boys and girls, it would be such a saving. Shoes are so dear here, and of such poor quality.

"I went fishing for halibut a few evenings since and have gained a reputation. I caught a halibut that weighed forty-three pounds."

August 7. — "I am rushed trying to get things in comfortable shape for the winter. Most of our older boys have gone, and I have a small working force."

September 7. — "I am always in a hurry these days. The weeks pass and I wonder where they have gone, and how it is that I seem to have accomplished so little. How many times I long for Mr. Coe's ability to turn off work! The days are now so short that we need a lamp at 7 P.M., and this morning there was quite a frost on the ground, yet we are in the midst of our haying. The silo is not yet half full, and we have but eight or nine tons in the storehouse. We shall kill some of the cattle that are not paying, and that will reduce the number to winter. If the horse Billy was edible we would soon dispose of him. He is *too balky* for service.

"Our cook has disappointed us. Grandma Campbell superintends the cooking, and the older girls help, but we must have a cook.

"I am busy getting the engine installed into the launch, and hope soon to have it in running order. The box containing the clock from Waterbury came safely. It is now striking nine. It insisted upon keeping up to the Boston pace, which is much faster than we keep here, but I am getting it settled down to a well-regulated life. It is a great help to us all.

"We have had a heavy snowstorm. We are anxious concerning feed for the nineteen head of stock. We have done some fishing, have salted some salmon. We have no vegetables; will have to purchase all our potatoes."

October. — "We have received three more children. Their mother is dead, and their father wishes them to have such care as he cannot give them, and is willing to pay for it.

"Have had to have a new stove made for the schoolroom; took a large oil tank. It makes a fine heater. Today the oil-house will be completed. We have been getting our winter supplies over from Kodiak. You will find the bills necessarily large.

"We have butchered two cows during the past month. They were in excellent condition. We must dispose of more of our stock. Nearly all of our buildings have been painted and roofs repaired."

Later letters tell of a pleasant Thanksgiving and of preparations for Christmas, and also of the children preparing exhibits for the coming Yukon exposition at Seattle. A happy new year from all inmates of the Kodiak Orphanage to all friends in the States.

We rejoice that we have, in Mr. and Mrs. Learn, persons so admirably fitted for the Alaska Mission, and that they so adapt themselves to the work.

For sixteen years the Alaska Mission has been very closely identified with our New England circles, and especially with our Sunday schools. We have now five hundred schools contributing annually to the work. Our children love the mission. The Orphanage children are dear to them, and they are loved by the children in Alaska. We are constantly receiving testimonials of their love and interest.

The Alaska Orphanage is the child of New England, and though now in its sixteenth year, it goes from our special care to that of our consolidated Society with headquarters at Chicago, it will be no less the object of our interest, love and gifts.

I ask that in the years to come our circles and Sunday schools will systematically give it their love and *gifts*.

In less than three months our fiscal year will close. Please remember that we need your gifts *now* for this work. Year by year the work has broadened, and we hope it will grow more and more in the years to come. Necessarily the expense incurred is, and will be, greater. In all this great territory of Alaska *our* mission is the only Baptist mission. Other stations have been established and, from time to time, have been abandoned. In the change that will soon come to our Society, do not let Alaska suffer. We believe the consolidation means a broader outlook for the work. It means that circles and Sunday schools outside New England shall share with us in this work. It also means unswerving fidelity on our part to the work that was sixteen years ago divinely, we believe, committed to our care.

MRS. JAMES MCWHINNIE.

In the December *Review of Reviews*, Frederick H. Chase assumes not only the rôle of informer, but of prophet as well. He says, speaking of the need of railroads:

"Alaska has more gold than ever had California, Australia or South Africa; it has more copper than twenty Buttes; it has more hard coal than Pennsylvania, and it has more tin than Wales. The hay that rots on its tundras and plains would fatten all the cattle that roam upon the prairies of Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas.

"And yet this virgin empire remains virtually land-locked for nearly 1,000 miles along its Pacific coast. For a distance of nearly 100 miles from the coast, inland, the country is so rugged that it is almost as cheap to build a railroad as a wagon road. In the mountain walls along this coast there have been found at least three and perhaps four sufficient depressions or passes for railroad construction to the fertile, grassy plains of the Yukon, the Tanana and the Susitna. It has been said that a railroad constructed from, say, Valdez to the heart of the great Yukon Valley would in time be worth its weight in gold in every ton of its rails and rolling stock. What ground is there for the prophecy that this cold northern empire has in gestation three or four great States like Iowa, Minnesota and Michigan? It has three magnificent valleys, much of which is covered with lumber-bearing forests of spruce, birch, poplar and cottonwood. All of its great interior has a splendid summer of continuous daylight.

"At Copper Centre is a Government agricultural station, where wheat, oats and barley and nearly all the garden vegetables grow to wonderful perfection. I have seen vast areas of blue grass equal in quality and as luxuriant as that in Kentucky. Central Alaska must attract the stock grower and farmer as soon as the railroads get there. The next great homestead rush on this continent will be to its plains and valleys. Once it is opened to the sea it will grow faster than Northwestern Canada, for here is room for 500,000 prosperous farms and homes under the American flag."

WILLIAM H. SEWARD

We count ourselves unusually fortunate to be able to give our readers in this Alaska number so fine a picture of William H. Seward, Secretary of State under President Lincoln.

When he was asked, "What do you consider the most important act of your political career?" he significantly replied, "The purchase of Alaska, but it will be two generations before the purchase is appreciated."

We are fond of saying, "God always raises up a man for the place," but it is too sadly true that time, long and wearisome, furnishes the needed perspective in many cases. As we consider the present subject, however, we must, if we are people of faith, realize afresh the truth of the words,

"Behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

For we have realized the truth of this other saying of William H. Seward, "The civilization of the future will center around the Pacific Ocean," as we see that ocean today the center of the most significant political movements of the world, and appreciate the value to our country of the possession of so much coast line on the Pacific.

Therefore, aside from the natural resources of Alaska, which we are just beginning to find out, we see the direct guidance of God in preserving and enlarging this nation for the great work He has for it to do.

Official

W. B. Hoggatt, Governor of the District of Alaska, in his latest report presents the following:

"The general condition of the coast Indians is improving. His desire for work and his opportunity for securing it are both increasing. His earning capacity and his desire to live as the whites are likewise increasing. Unfortunately his tendency to indulge in the vices of the whites is also increasing, and the efforts of the Government to protect him against these vices should be strengthened.

"The worst enemy of the native is whiskey, and notwithstanding the efforts of the officers of the law to prevent this whiskey traffic, it has increased with the Indian's earning capacity. It seems therefore desirable that the sale of whiskey to the Indians should be made a felony, punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary, and that a small appropriation should be made to secure the services of one or more men to hunt down this class of lawbreakers and bring them to punishment.

"Congress, in its appropriation for the education of the natives, has provided also for their support, and an effort is now being made to reach the sick and the indigent natives and provide them with necessary medical attention and sustenance in time of need. We cannot hope to reach at once all cases of suffering among these people, but an earnest effort is being made, under the auspices of the Bureau of Education, to succor those in need, and I am satisfied that, with continued encouragement from Congress, we will soon do away with much of the distress that has prevailed among the natives."

He also makes further recommendations concerning the prohibiting of the sale of liquor in Alaska. He closes thus:

"I again bespeak the interest of a generous Congress in the development of the resources of this vast territory, and in the welfare of its people, with the hope that it will continue its liberality in the appropriations for mails, roads, cables, telegraph extensions, lighthouses, buoys, aids to navigation, and geological and coast and geodetic surveys until such time as the resources of the country will develop to a point where we are able to take care of ourselves."

Tourists and writers alike, and especially those who have sojourned in Alaska for a longer or a shorter time, speak repeatedly of the *lure* of the country. Said one: "I can't tell what it is that keeps pulling me back to this country. It's something you can't exactly put into words. You don't know that it's got hold of you while you're up here, but before you've been outside a month, all at once you find it pulling at you, and after it begins it never lets up. It's just Alaska. It calls you and calls you and calls you and calls you. No, I don't know *what* it is, but I know *how* it is, and when it gets hold of you and gets to calling you might just as well get up and start; for it calls you and follows you and haunts you till you do."

As I read these words I wondered if the call of God to us who know His love, to send the gospel to regions beyond, came as force fully as this *lure* of the country comes to those who have been privileged to visit its shores. If we could only be so in love with this whole great, beautiful world that God has made that we might hear the call of the millions who make up its population, and see their possibility as the tourist or the miner sees the physical beauty and hears the call of Alaska! If we could so feel the lure of the blessed service of the King that we *must* go again, and yet again, to lost and suffering humanity with the saving, healing message that our Christ has bidden us proclaim!

The world and all that is therein — beautiful, grand or hopeless — must pass away; but these souls of men shall live eternally, and can never die. To us, therefore, it has been given to work, not with the corruptible things of time and sense, but with the everlasting and immortal treasures of God. The workshop God has fashioned most beautiful indeed, and the pattern has been furnished us in the Mount; therefore, as we think of this section of our country in which the work of Christian women has been so signally blessed, let us learn a lesson from the charm it exercises, that we may surrender ourselves to the lure of the needy souls, as they call and call yet again to us, for the priceless treasure of truth.

One of the most interesting and profitable of recent books on Alaska that it has been our privilege to read is "Alaska: The Great Country," by Ella Higginson, published by the Macmillan Company.

We quote the following:

"The spell of Alaska falls upon every lover of beauty who has voyaged along those far northern snow-pearled shores with the violet waves of the Northern Pacific Ocean breaking splendidly upon them; or who has drifted down the mighty rivers of the interior which flow bell-toned and lonely to the sea.

"I know not how the spell is wrought nor have I ever met one who could put the miracle of its working into words. No writer has ever described Alaska; no writer ever will; but each must do his share, according to the spell that the country casts upon him.

"The marvels are not the marvels of men. They are wrought of fire and stone and snow, by the tireless hand that has worked through centuries unnumbered and unknown."

(In describing Puget Sound): "Every land may occasionally have a beautiful sunset, and many lands have gorgeous and brilliant ones, but nowhere have they such softly burning, milky-rose, opaline effects as on this inland sea. Their enchanting beauty is, doubtless, due to the many wooded islands which lift their dark green forestated hills around open sweeps of water, whereon settle the delicate mists.

"When the fires of sunrise or sunset sink through these mists, the splendor of coloring is marvelous and not equaled anywhere. It is as though the whole Sound were one great opal, which had broken apart and flung its escaping fire of rose, amethyst, amber and green up through the maze of trembling pearl above it. The unusual beauty of its sunsets long ago gave Puget Sound the poetic name of Opal Sea or Sea of Opal."

Corresponding Secretary's Column

OUR Corresponding Secretary is now visiting our work in Mexico. The following is taken from a personal letter, as the press of duties in Mexico forbids the preparation of a special article this month. We think, however, this informal way of presenting the work may give our workers a very real glimpse of Mexico as seen through the eyes of one who looks truly "with compassion." — Ed.

ORIZABA, VERA CRUZ, Dec. 30, 1908.

I reached Puebla Tuesday, and had a little time with Mrs. Tooms, the missionary of the Chicago Society. I had never met her before, but I have frequently corresponded with her. She is one of the famous Barocio family. Mrs. L. A. Westrup is her sister, also Mrs. Uriegas, wife of the pastor at Puebla. Leofilo Barocio is her brother, pastor of the church in Mexico City, and Ernesto Barocio is assistant pastor at Monterey.

Miss Bolles came with me to Puebla. I spoke in the church last evening, and we were entertained in Mr. Urieges's home, a typical Mexican home. I went to Cholula in the afternoon, and whenever it was possible Mrs. Tooms entered into conversation with the natives. We went into the chapel and a poor woman came in, knelt, and after her devotions sat on the bench with Mrs. Tooms. Soon the latter produced some little prayers, printed in Spanish, and a conversation of an hour followed. A little girl also received one of the printed slips. It took us an hour to come home. Four Mexican gentlemen were busy talking politics at one end of the car. A high-class man sat opposite Miss Bolles, an old woman opposite me, and a younger woman, with a beautiful baby on her back, sat opposite Mrs. Tooms. Soon she began to speak to the woman about her baby, and the conversation turned upon Christ. After a little the older woman was interested; then the gentlemen heard it all, and the conductor, standing in the doorway, was an attentive hearer. Unconsciously Mrs. Tooms had an audience of four instead of one as she unfolded the gospel story.

Such a marvelous view as we gained after leaving Puebla and Esperanza, — Popocatapetl and Ixtaccihautl for miles as we went down 8,000 feet into the valley, over one of the most wonderful railroads in the world. Such scenery I never beheld! We bought our luncheon on the train at twenty-five cents each, and eight oranges for twelve cents. We are in the tropics, under old Orizaba, which towers 17,000 feet above us. Small, low houses, like pictures of the houses in Palestine, are everywhere. Narrow streets, with mule tram cars; Indians with the sombrero, white pants, red blankets, are seen, as also the Mexican gentleman in his American dress. Sombreros are sold now to country people or to the men on haciendas.

In the cars today was a ranchman of quality. His pants were of checked wool, and upon either side were silver buttons. We counted over four dozen on one leg, running from his waist to his ankles. His sombrero was elegant, with his initials embroidered upon it. Every man in the car was smoking a cigarette. I ate my luncheon amid clouds of tobacco smoke and not a window open. The average Mexican is afraid of pure air. He goes around these chilly mornings with his blanket wrapped closely, and a white (?) cloth tied closely over his mouth and nose. The homes of the poor are usually of one room. Father and mother *sometimes* have a bed, but the children, whether one or ten, sleep on the floor in the living-room with their parents. Every door and window is closely shut. The poverty of these people is frightful. At each station such frightful objects appear! Women almost naked selling sweets, bread and fruit; children, cold and ragged with bare feet and big brown eyes, implore pennies; beggars, with hardly a semblance of humanity, hold up pleading hands; epileptics, paralytics, blind, deformed, all press upon you their needs, and your heart aches for them all. The little neglected babies touch my heart. They are not cruelly treated. The Mexicans love their children, but biting poverty compels neglect. The church and pulque are responsible for the poverty. The climate makes it very easy for a Mexican to live. His wants are few, and he can get something, if the priest and the pulque shop did not rob him of his earnings. In Puebla, a city of 100,000, they have 192 churches; and in Cholula, a town of 6,000 people, they have 250 churches.

You will want to know of our school in Mexico City. It is near the church. A Mexican woman, Francesca, takes care of the house for her rent. She is thirty years old, and has had seven children. Her husband, a drunken sot, died two weeks ago. You enter Violeta Street, and about halfway up the street, on the right, you see "*Escaula Bautista.*" You knock and some one appears, and you enter a sunny patio. Flowers in pots are arranged along the side; you go up two steps, and upon the left, fronting the street, is Miss Bolles's schoolroom. Back of that is the third-grade class, with no light only that which comes from the patio. Back of this is the primary and sewing room; at the end of this patio is another room, which is used as a kindergarten-room, and Miss Bolles's tiny dining-table (for Francesca gets Miss Bolles's meals). She pays one dollar per day (Mexican). I went in to see the new rooms which are being added. A door will be cut through the kindergarten-room so one can pass into a large, sunny patio with three sunny rooms opening from it. I tried to induce the woman to make the rent more reasonable, but failed. Miss Bolles has hunted the city over for a suitable house for less rent, but she has been unsuccessful. She has a strong hold upon the people here. She graduated three pupils into the Government Preparatory School this year, the first pupils ever graduated from our Baptist school. The church was filled to overflowing. She has an ambition, which is shared by all our workers, to prepare pupils for the Mexican High School. These latter schools are now very fine. President Diaz has recently given much attention to the matter, and a cumpulsory system of

education has been reënforced all over the Republic. To carry on our work we must be thorough. The school has a standing in the city. Miss Bolles has to make all repairs on the building, the custom in Mexico City, supply slates, pencils, books, etc. Our children are of the poorer class. She has some who pay tuition. The school has brought many into the Sunday School. One of the teachers, who was an ardent Romanist, has been baptized, and another will be tomorrow night. Miss Bolles has been here four years without a vacation. She wants to go home, but has no money. The altitude necessitates a change frequently. From her small salary she supports a teacher, makes repairs, buys school supplies, etc., and has assumed the board of a fourteen-year-old pupil whose parents abandoned him and he had no place to lay his head. The extras for the school have been about one hundred dollars per year. After the new rooms are finished she will live in the school building.

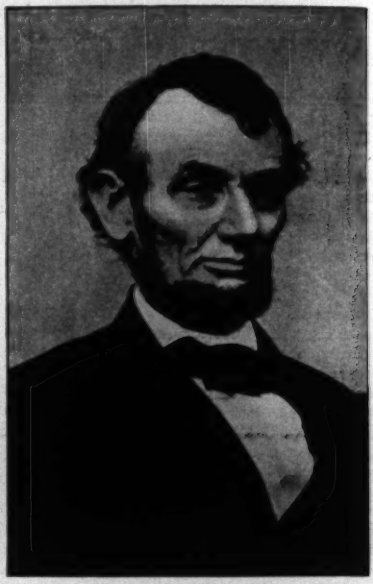
I am sharing Miss Bolles's tiny 14 x 13 room, one mile from our meals. There are no windows, but the glass doors serve as windows, being left open at night. The whole patio is occupied by the Chicago missionaries, so it is locked at night. Each private family-patio opens into a community patio, and a woman is engaged to watch the entrance by day and lock it by night.

I never lived quite so close before. My toilet necessities rest on the sewing machine. It is wonderful how soon a fussy woman, who wants so many things to make her comfortable, gets used to living in such small quarters. My mile walk three times a day is not bad. The table from which we eat is so tiny. I have a kindergarten chair to use at the table. Mexican dishes are good, as Francesca is a good cook. They make a syrup of the coffee and put it in a bottle. Then they pour it into the cup with equal quantity of boiling milk. We have fruit, etc., of all kinds.

Tomorrow night the church at Mexico City will hold a watch meeting, and upon the stroke of twelve three will be baptized. I spoke in the church Sunday night preceding the sermon. We have an intelligent class of people, and many young people in the church. You remember when the church was built the Home Mission Society was criticised because it was so much one side. Now it is in the center of things, a valuable property, with a good parsonage, occupied by the general missionary, Mr. Brewer, and a good church building. We now have a Mexican Sunday School at ten each Sunday morning, an American service in English, with an organized American Baptist church. (In the afternoon services are held in Guadalupe in a pretty chapel. I went up last Sunday.) In the evening the Mexican church service is held. We also have a medical missionry, Dr. Conwell, who is an earnest Christian.

Saturday we are invited to spend the day in a typical Mexican family, ardent Romanists, at Xochimilco Lake, twelve miles out of the city, at their country home. I shall be glad to have the experience. We must strengthen this school before we begin others. I am gathering much help for my work. If Mexico could be redeemed I would gladly sacrifice much.

—*Mary C. Reynolds.*



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

So many exhaustive and able articles have been published at this time to set forth the greatness of the man, Abraham Lincoln, that we feel we can add little to the much that has been said.

The hymn of praise would not be complete, however, if there were lacking the note which should emphasize his "home missionary spirit," for the great-hearted man, who knew loneliness and sorrow, lives in the remembrance of a grateful nation, not only for his wisdom and diplomacy, that saved and preserved the nation, but because he was moved by the sorrows of suffering humanity, which he tried so successfully to alleviate.

Misunderstanding, and calumny, even, were his lot, but in spite of this he "pressed toward the mark for the prize of his high calling," and lifted the nation into a place before God where He could look in favor upon it and bless it. Today, after more than forty years, his greatness has become known and appreciated, and the one hundredth anniversary of his birth is made an occasion of national thanksgiving.

The Set of a Soul

One ship drives east and the other drives west
With the self-same winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sails,
And not the gales,
Which tells us the way they go.

The American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial Notes

NOW is the time to lay plans for the trip to Portland, Oregon, in June. The anniversaries of the Northern Baptist Convention and the Missionary Societies should not only draw the thousand laymen (with emphasis this time on the "men") desired, but a great number of the women of our churches. There is no education in patriotism and missions like a trip across the continent. You can never realize either the extent or character of our country till you have traversed its plains and wound through its mountain canyons and seen with your own eyes prairie and plain and forest and mountain peak. The trip is worth all the time and outlay it requires, and we hope that a large number of young people may plan to take their vacation in this way. One reason for the change from May to the latter part of June was that many might be able to fit this in with the summer vacation. Of course there are incidental attractions, such as the Yosemite and Yellowstone Park and Seattle Exposition. But the great thing is to go, to receive the new impressions, to be enlarged by the vastness of the home mission field, to realize that this is one land and one people, and to unlearn a lot of things we have thought to be true, but now discover to be absurd. It is an education in civilization, this transcontinental trip. And we ought to have a great Baptist train from New England and New York that would attract attention all the way for the three thousand miles, as the Christian Endeavor trains did more than a decade ago.

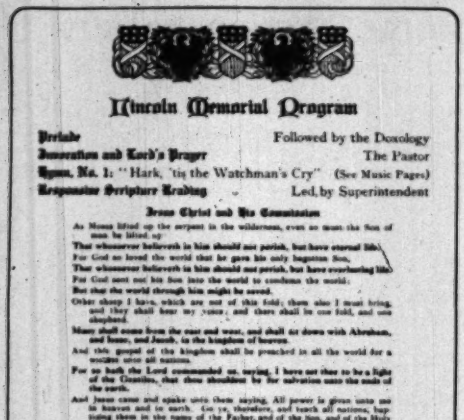
Which leads to the further statement that the railroad rates have been made already from Chicago to the Pacific Coast, so that we can estimate approximately what the trip is going to cost. With a $62.50 round trip fare from Chicago, and a probable fare and a third from New York and Boston to Chicago, or say $30.00, you can add ten dollars each way for sleeping car (unless a train with tourist cars can be obtained), and know about what the railroad total will be. While some can travel more economically than others, it would be safe to allow two hundred dollars for this trip, so as to see things and be comfortable. But it is worth two hundred dollars to acquire the education obtainable in this as in no other way. If we could take a thousand of our good Baptist men and women to the Crow Mission at Lodge Grass in Montana, and then into the Big Horn Basin of Wyoming, there would be no difficulty afterward in raising money for frontier and Indian missions. Plan to be one of a great company next June.

A young Russian Jew, in describing his feelings when he first landed on the soil of America, said, "I wanted to kneel down and kiss the very ground, because it was free ground." He also said, what very likely is true, that he thought those who were born in this country could not know how great was the love of the foreigners who had fled from oppression for the land of liberty. This is one of the most hopeful features of immigration. If only all who come were of the intelligence and loyalty and high ambition of this young Russian! Doubtless there are more like him than we are wont to think. His ambition is to perfect his education in order to go back to his native land and cautiously and wisely work for the enlightenment of the people. Not violence but education is his watchword.

During the holidays a conference of the teachers and principals of the secondary colored schools in Virginia was held at Virginia Union University in Richmond. This is now a yearly custom, and one of the ways in which the University is helping in the general work of education. Among those who gave addresses were Dr. Bruce Payne of the University of Virginia and representative of the General Education Board, and Dr. J. D. Eggleston, Superintendent of Public Instruction of Virginia. Both of these men are interested in the improvement of the secondary schools among the negroes. We are glad to note that the conference deprecated the proposal of the State Board of Education to grant certificates of teaching of a lower grade to colored than to white teachers. It was rightly felt that to grant such certificates would brand colored teachers as inferior, and make them satisfied with a lower grade of work than they are capable of doing. President Hovey is keeping the University in touch with the life of the people for whom it is doing so much.

Need of church edifices? One of our missionaries in Nevada, who has been doing a noble work in a place that was regarded as impossible, says that the only place of meeting he could get, when he had gathered the handful of Baptists together and started a Sunday School, was "the east wing of the old schoolhouse, which abounded in fresh air." To be sure we have known meeting-houses that cost much money that abounded in pretty much everything else but fresh air; but there may be too much even of that at times, and when one goes on to read of the sacrifices made by the missionary and the people to get a church under way in the town, the need of a suitable church home is deeply impressed upon the mind. Through the help of the Home Mission Society that particular church has been able to get a house in which to worship and work, but there are a hundred other churches homeless in that same great region. A pretty good place to invest some dollars!

French Missionary St. James, who has been slowly recovering from an accident, writes that one Sunday, when he was attending church in Marlboro, he counted twenty-four Frenchmen in the congregation, two of them singing in the choir. During his enforced retirement from active service many compensations have come to him in the form of testimonies from those who have been led into the Christian life by his words in other years. He has been blessed with a fruitful evangelistic experience.



Lincoln Memorial Program

Prelude Followed by the Doxology

Invocation and Lord's Prayer The Pastor

Hymn, No. 1: "Hark, 'tis the Watchman's Cry" (See Music Pages)

Responsive Scripture Reading Led by Superintendent

Jesus Christ and His Commission

As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son,

That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world;

But that the world through him might be saved.

Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.

Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.

And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations.

For so hath the Lord commanded us, saying, I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles, that thou shouldest be for salvation unto the ends of the earth.

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, confirming the word with signs following.

Prayer The Pastor

Hymn, No. 2: "America, the Beautiful"

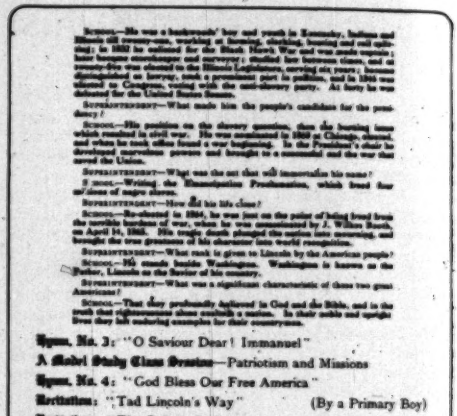
Recitation: "The First American" (From Lowell's Ode)

Responsive Historical Reading Superintendent and School

SUPERINTENDENT—We honor to-night the memory of that great American Statesman, Emancipator, President, Martyr—Abraham Lincoln. As Christian patriots, we do well to commemorate his character and work. Let us review in outline his wonderful life. Where and when was he born?

SCHOOL—**In a little log cabin in Hodgenville, a Kentucky hamlet, on February 12, 1809.**

SUPERINTENDENT—What were the chief events of the first forty years of his life?



SCHOOL—He was a backwoods' boy and work in Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois all necessary—rowing, working at farming, clerking, hunting and rail splitting; in 1832 he enlisted for the Black Hawk War and was made captain; later became storekeeper and surveyor; studied law; born times, and at twenty-five was elected to the Illinois Legislature, serving six years; became elected to Congress, took a prominent part in politics, and in 1860 was elected to Congress, working with the anti-slavery party. At forty he was admitted to the United States Senate.

SUPERINTENDENT—What made him the people's candidate for the presidency?

SCHOOL—His position on the slavery question, then the burning issue which resulted in civil war. He was nominated in 1860 at Chicago, elected, and when he took office found a war beginning. In the President's chair he developed marvelous powers and brought to a successful end the war that saved the Union.

SUPERINTENDENT—What was the act that will immortalize his name?

2 SCHOOL—Writing the Emancipation Proclamation, which freed four millions of negro slaves.

SUPERINTENDENT—How did his life close?

SCHOOL—Re-elected in 1864, he was just on the point of being freed from the terrible burdens of war, when he was assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth, on April 14, 1865. His tragic death plunged the nation into mourning, and brought the true greatness of his character into world recognition.

SUPERINTENDENT—What rank is given to Lincoln by the American people?

SCHOOL—We stands beside Washington. Washington is known as the Father, Lincoln as the Savior of his country.

SUPERINTENDENT—What was a significant characteristic of these two great Americans?

SCHOOL—That they profoundly believed in God and the Bible, and in the truth that righteousness alone exalteth a nation. In their noble and upright lives they left enduring examples for their countrymen.

Hymn, No. 3: "O Saviour Dear! Immanuel"

A Model Study Class Session—Patriotism and Missions

Hymn, No. 4: "God Bless Our Free America"

Recitation: "Tad Lincoln's Way" (By a Primary Boy)

Recitation: "The Baby's Cry" (By a Primary Girl)

Hymn, No. 5: "Christ, Our King" (By the Primary Department)

Recitation: "Our Country for Christ"

Reading: "The Closing Days"

Hymn, No. 6: "Fling Out the Banner"

Brief Address by the Pastor, explaining Purpose of the Day and the Offering

The Offering for the Frontier Missionary and Educational Work of the three Home Mission Societies uniting in the Service

Closing Exercise or Tableau

Hymn, No. 7: "America" Benediction

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE PROGRAM FOR HOME MISSION DAY

The Lincoln Memorial Home Mission Day for the Sunday Schools

WHAT we wish to do is to interest every Sunday-school superintendent and teacher and scholar, every woman's circle or society, and every young people's society in every Baptist church in New England (and all the rest of the North for that matter) in the observance of the fourteenth of February as a Lincoln Home Mission Day. The Home Mission Society and the Women's Societies (which are now two in one) are all concerned in this day, the first Home Mission Day under the auspices of the Baptist Forward Movement. The subject is one to inspire patriotism and enthusiasm. Abraham Lincoln deserves the title which Lowell gives him in his ode, "the first American." The more you study his life the more you will wonder at his character. He illustrates, perhaps, more perfectly than any other how in this country one can rise from the humblest to the highest position.

From the one-room log cabin to the White House tells a story full of romance and fascination; but best of all was the remarkable character developed. Lincoln was an ardent temperance advocate long before the days of general temperance agitation. He set the example of total abstinence. In politics he set the example of honesty and straightforwardness. His ambition, as he said in his first appeal to voters when he was running for the Illinois Legislature, was to win the esteem of his fellow men by making himself worthy of it. As a lawyer he refused to take cases when he thought his client in the wrong. To a man who wanted him to bring suit against a poor woman with a number of children, after listening to the statement, Lincoln suddenly swung around in his chair and said: "Well, you have a pretty good case in technical law, but a pretty bad one in equity and justice. You'll have to get some other fellow to win the case for you. I couldn't do it. All the time, while talking to that jury I'd be thinking, "Lincoln, you're a liar,' and I believe I should forget myself and say it out loud."

There is every reason to believe that both Lincoln's mother and stepmother, the two good Christian women to whom as he himself said, he owed everything, were Baptists. His father certainly was, having been baptized into the Pigeon Creek Church in Indiana, as was his sister Sarah also. The Bible was one of the first books that little Abe learned to read, and he read it through three times before he was ten. That he never forgot it his speeches proved, for it is doubtful whether any other man in public life ever quoted the Bible so fre-

quently or so pointedly. Many ministers might take him for an example in that respect; and he lived the Bible much more nearly than a great many people who have made more pretensions than he did to goodness. He was good, and that is a matter of character and not profession.

Lincoln was very devoted to his family, and lived in his boys. His wife once said, when some one spoke of Douglas: "Mr. Lincoln may not be as handsome a figure, but people are, perhaps, not aware that his heart is as large as his arms are long." He was thoughtful of the comfort of ladies and treated them tenderly when they were in distress. On one occasion when he happened to be in Clinton, Ill., attending court, fifteen women were tried for trespass, they having made a crusade on the saloon of one Tanner and knocked in the heads of his liquor barrels. Lincoln watched the case, and when he saw that their lawyer was likely to lose it, he consented to argue the case before the jury and secured their acquittal. He quoted some of his own observations on the ruinous effects of whiskey in society, and demanded its early suppression. His very statement of the case was like him and practically won it. It was: "I would change the indictment and have it read, 'The State *v.* Mr. Whiskey' instead of 'The State *v.* The Ladies.'"

So I might go on and fill up the columns of ECHOES, but I have said enough to awaken your interest anew in a great leader, who became an emancipator as soon as he really saw slavery and what it meant, who loved humanity and righteousness, and was used of God to accomplish great things for this nation and the world.

The program prepared for the Memorial Service brings out a great many of the fine traits of Lincoln and some of the incidents of especial interest to us as Baptists and missionary workers. The model mission study class, which forms the central feature of the program, can be made to show the church and Sunday School what our mission study means and how full of instruction and lively information it is. The program appeals to intelligence rather than to childishness, and yet will catch the children as well as the elders. The primary department is recognized, and the hymns are easily learned and all worth learning — the new ones. The work of the Home Mission Societies in education and on the frontier is wrought in at the right points; and the impression of the whole cannot fail to be inspiring and helpful. Where the pastor preaches in the morning on Lincoln, and the evening service is given to this Sunday-school exercise, the day will make for national righteousness. The offerings are to be divided between the three societies. One treasurer will receive them all, since that will avoid confusion.

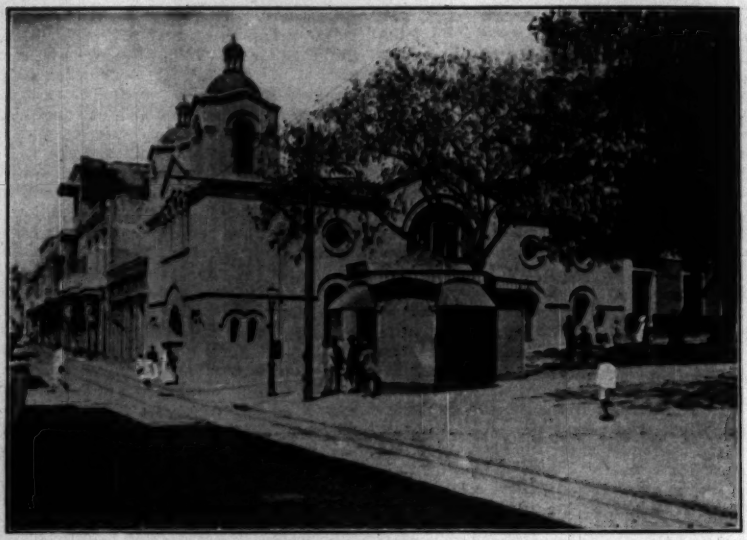
Now we want all the women to help develop interest in this service. See that the most is made of it. Offer to help in any way possible. Make sure that the church and congregation join with the Sunday School and crowd the house, and especially that a large offering be secured.

The program is a beautiful specimen of printing art, and will make a fine souvenir. Then there is a Lincoln post card, and one of these will be sent to every person who contributes ten cents or more to the offering.

Of course, what we are after is to make this day the means of impressing our great home mission work upon the attention of the Sunday-school scholars, and their parents as well. It is simply astonishing how many members there are in our churches who know next to nothing about our missionary movements, and cannot even tell the names of the missionary societies. If we can use this fourteenth of February and its patriotic associations to bring a multitude of Baptists into closer touch with the living issues of our home mission fields, the gain for the cause will be very great.

A reduced copy of the program is here given. The cover is in three colors and exceedingly attractive. The hymns are all printed in the program. The exercises call for a small amount of committing to memory and the least amount of preparation consistent with an interesting service. The closing exercise or tableau is simple but effective. Nobody but the writer of this knows how much time it took to gather and condense the material in that program and put it into form. He has been more than repaid by the careful study, or rather restudy, of Lincoln's life, and the new knowledge gained and impressions received; and his great desire is that by means of this program tens of thousands of American boys and girls may come to feel a real interest in this humane, kindly, pure-hearted, large-souled man, whose first letter was written to a Baptist preacher in Kentucky, asking him to preach a funeral sermon for the boy's mother; whose first school composition was a plea for the kind treatment of animals; whose first knowledge of books came from the Book of books; whose first ideas of speaking came from the frontier preachers; and whose character was so true that it gained for him as a young man the title of which he was most proud, "Honest Abe."

CHAPEL AT BARROS, PORTO RICO



THE NEW CHURCH AT SAN JUAN, ON CORNER OF PLAZA. KIOSK IN FOREGROUND CONCEALS THE SIDE ENTRANCE BENEATH LARGE WINDOW. LOCATION COMMANDING.

The San Juan Conference

By REV. A. B. RUDD

Missionary Superintendent in Porto Rico

IT came some weeks ago in the form of the third general conference of the now nearly 10,000 evangelicals of Porto Rico. The first conference was held some four years ago in Ponce; the second, a year ago in Mayaguez; the third, held in San Juan, was, in many ways, a great improvement on the two previous ones. Think of San Juan, the papal stronghold of Borinquen, having to submit to the religious humiliation of evangelical visitation!

The occasion was probably the greatest the Gospel has yet had in Porto Rico. For two days and nights Gospel themes were discussed as never before in this, the seat of the Island Bishop. The day sessions were held in the Baptist church and the evening sessions in the theater, which the town council kindly placed at our disposal. Some of the anti-evangelical papers had spoken sneeringly of the approaching evangelical visitation, and one of the leading prelates had done us the unintended favor of announcing from his pulpit the previous Sunday such a visitation, adding, however, that as it was to be a strictly political meeting, of course no good Catholics would show their faces in the theater. This announcement gave excellent results, as shown by the large crowds that attended the two evening sessions held in the theater.

One of the most interesting things connected with the meetings was the excellent address of welcome delivered by the mayor of San Juan. This was the first time that anything of the sort had been done in Porto Rico. Last year the mayor of Mayaguez was requested to deliver an address of welcome to the conference, but was, of course, a little too sick to be present in person, and so sent his address to be read. It was a great surprise to many that the San Juan Alcalde was not also sick just at the time of the meeting; but he was not, as evidenced by his excellent address, in which he handled in an interesting way such important topics as "Religious Liberty," "Separation of Church and State," and "What Our Government has Done toward Developing these Two Principles in Porto Rico." Of course his political head has been threatened by the clericals, but the thing is done and cannot be undone, and so far the mayor of San Juan does not seem to be sorry that he has done it.

In the day sessions interest centered around the presentation and discussion of the report of the Committee on Federation. The writer of this article had the honor of representing the Baptists on this committee, and can testify to the conscientious work that was done in order to present such a report on "Federation" as would be acceptable to all denominations; and while the form of federation finally adopted was not so close as some of its friends had hoped, yet it was the only form that would have satisfied all the evangelicals who had been invited to take part in it. As a result of the report of this committee we are now looking forward toward federation along Sunday-school, educational and publication lines,

though two years are to elapse before definite results can be obtained.

In the evening mass meetings held in the theater such subjects as the following were discussed by representatives of various denominations: "The Unity of Protestantism," "Protestantism and Education," "The Bible in Porto Rico," "The Relation between Church and State" and "The Literature of the Bible." The Baptists were honored with two places on the program, Don Elpidio De Mier discussing in a delightful way the last subject mentioned.

The general impression is that a decided advance step has been taken in the evangelization of the island. San Juan herself, as well as her visitors, wondered at the crowds that came to the theater to hear the Protestants talk about their religion. A letter received by the writer from one of the San Juan missionaries just before the conference expressed the fear that the attendance in the theater would be so exceedingly small as to discredit greatly the evangelical cause. It was interesting to see the look of surprise on his countenance as from the platform he watched the crowds who came to the Protestant meetings.

Will not every reader of these lines send a prayer to heaven that San Juan may come to know her day of visitation, and to realize that in the doctrines held and taught by the evangelicals is to be found her moral and spiritual salvation?

PONCE, PORTO RICO.

REV. A. A. COBER AND FAMILY, SANTURCE

The Pioneer of Today

By EDWARD BRAISLIN, D.D.

Inwoven in the life of every great western commonwealth, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Texas, Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, Dakota, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Montana, California, Oregon and Washington, is the life and character of the Christian missionary.

In every one of these mighty western states the American Baptist Home Mission Society has been the pioneer missionary agency, distancing all other of our organizations by from two to twenty years. To the honest, humble, faithful men who penetrated the new settlements and founded Christian institutions, grown to great proportions since; to the men who loved and labored for the children of the pioneers, suffered and sacrificed for the souls of the scattered settlers, worked for small pay or none for the little wooden chapel and its meetings and its meaning, to these men western America owes its greatest debt of gratitude. Philanthropists and statesmen and presidents trace the influences that created them to these true servants of God. Indian wars were mitigated, foreign peoples civilized and Christianized, clean homes, clear thinking, symmetrical education, unselfish patriotism, followed in the footsteps of these rough but royal heroes. Churches and armies alike have been raised by their influence. America is a nation to-day and a free nation solely because there has been no frontier without its missionaries, its chapels, its preachers and its schools. We forget these things as we forget the light of day, but none the less we live and move and have our being in them.

In our words of gratitude for the Alaska Mission, and the blessing that has attended the consecrated efforts of workers and teachers there, we must not forget Mrs. J. G. Gooch, who has given so many, many hours of loving service, in the packing of the cases that have brought so much physical comfort to the children, and such relief to those in charge of the work. With unfailing zeal has this beloved sister kept in touch with the needs, and answered the inquiries regarding the same from the churches, acknowledging each contribution personally, and has given of her time, her prayers, and her strength for the welfare of these comfortless ones committed to our care. While we think of her we include also recognition of the aid given by her daughter, Mrs. S. E. Wyman, who has been, verily, her mother's right hand in this labor of love.

Our Little Folks

GEORGE COLEMAN LATHROP

I am glad I was born in Boston,
It's the "Hub" of the whole world, you know;
Where the cradle of 'Merica's freedom,
And many such things we can show.

They laugh at our baked beans and brownbread,
They give us queer names oftentimes;
But I'd rather be born in Boston
Than be king in other fair climes.

What if I'd been born in Alaska?
Do you know 'bout the children up there?
They seldom know their own parents,
But always know sorrow and care.

They lead such a poor, starved existence,
No hope in this world or of heaven,
Till they learn of our Kodiak Mission,
And the love and protection there given.

For the mission we have at Wood Island,
Ask Mrs. McWhinnie, she knows,
Is the spot of all on the coast line
Where sunshine eternally glows.

So if I'd been born in Alaska,
Instead of in Boston renowned,
I should hope in the home at Wood Island
Some room for me, too, would be found.

Such as He Had

TROTTY McIVORS was a freckle-faced newsboy, who lived with his drunken grandmother in an attic over Hogan's butcher shop. "Trotty" was not his name, of course. He had been called William, but because he went about his daily work with such a regular, steady-going trot the name of "Trotty" seemed to suit him better.

He was a delightful boy. He had a pug nose, which looked as if the end of it had been knocked off by his smile; for Trotty's smile really needed the greater part of his face. Once a newsboy of a surly sort said to him, "Say, guy, what's you allers grinnin' about?" and Trotty answered, with a rapidly extending smile:

"'Cause I has to!"

Trotty went to Sunday School. I do not mean that he went every Sunday. Sometimes his papers were not sold until nearly noon and he had not yet learned that it is wrong to sell papers on Sunday. He only knew that his grandmother would beat him if he did not bring her the usual amount of money. Now and then, however, he got a particularly early start and, having disposed of his papers, reached the church in time to call "present!" when his name was called.

"Present!" was about the only word Trotty ever spoke in Sunday School. Brave as the bravest with his companions of the street, he became suddenly bashful when once inside the church. But he cherished carefully every scrap of paper and every motto card that he received there, and at the Christmas entertainment and the mid-summer picnic he was always in evidence. He was what he was, not a model Sunday-school child, but just Trotty McIvors.

One day a sad story was passed around among the newsboys who gathered in front of Hogan's butcher shop. One of their number, Bob Dart, had been knocked over by a grocery wagon and carried to the city hospital.

"I guess him's a-goner, all right," said Larry Dugan.

"Goin' to die?" questioned Trotty anxiously, the smile vanishing for once.

"Yes, suthin's the matter with his back. Say, Trotty, how do you s'pose dyin' feels? Don't you believe it's lonesome?"

Trotty nodded in silence. Dying must be lonesome. Unless — yes, that was what Sunday School meant. He had often wondered over lessons which he had not been able to understand. Now it all seemed to be clear to him — all about Jesus standing by so that dying would not be lonesome.

That afternoon he begged his way into the city hospital and crowded a bit of cardboard into Bob's hand. It was a gayly colored card bearing the words, "Bible-school Rally. Admit one."

"I guess that'll get you through all right," whispered Trotty, with his most radiant smile. "Heaven's an awful big place and I guess you'll need a ticket to get in."

Bob's dull face lighted with a faint reflection of Trotty's own smile. "You thought I was a-goner, didn't ye?" he asked. "But the sawbones says he's goin' to pull

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LAFORREST SARGENT WILDER.

Do Children Like to Work for Missions?

WHAT do you think about it? In a certain Sunday School the teacher thought the children were indifferent, and so decided not to press missions. One of the boys, however, stopped her at the close of a session and asked, "Aren't we going to have the Alaska boxes this year?" The boxes were procured from the Rooms, but before the time came to collect them the boy who made the request had been called to the "house of many mansions." His class, therefore, decided to make the offering a memorial to their companion, and as a result they sent $20.39 for the Alaska Orphanage.

We give to our young people the picture of the boy who loved and worked for Alaska, and whose work still lives in the hearts of those with whom he associated, and before the Throne.

"Aunty Ringold," writing from the Murrow Indian Orphans' Home, says, among other things: "You know that we have twenty-three or twenty-four boys here, evenings are very long now, for games are scarce. They have only one checkerboard, which they all enjoy immensely, but only two can play. I wish to give them one more checkerboard and checkers and a good set of dominoes. You know boys want to play, they all crowd into my room, and look around for a pastime. I bought them a stereopticon with fifty good views, but what is that with *one* checkerboard? Could you afford to buy them one and a set of dominoes, and perhaps a big rope for a swing? Some marbles, too, would be very welcome." Perhaps there are unused or outgrown toys in some homes that could be given new life in this way.

WINIFRED AND LAWRENCE J. BERRY
Two of our Life Precious Jewels

One of the largest Sunday Schools in Massachusetts decided to give presents this year instead of receiving them, and as a result a large sum of money, beside supplies of clothing and provisions, were brought to the church. Much of this was used in local mission work of course, but the Orphanage was not forgotten. What does your superintendent do for the Orphanage? Perhaps you ought to remind him of its claims. Perhaps he does not even know about the opportunity there. Ask him, and if he does not know get him the necessary material from the Rooms. If he once knows about it he is sure to want to do something to help.

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me through, an' I'll be on me pegs an' sellin' papers inside a week."

Trotty did not answer. He only smiled his delight.

Bob pushed a brown hand from beneath the window. "Say, kid," he said, " 'twas jolly good in you to give me your ticket when it's all you've got. It was worth more'n money or bouquets you brung me, an' I won't never forgit it. An' jest as soon's I'm out o' this I'm going to that Sunday-school show with you, see if I don't."

— *The King's Business*